



YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR, SAYS MR. McFINNIGAN.

Two Irishmen out of employ,  
And out at the elbow as ails,  
Adrift in a grocery store  
Were smoking and taking it lazily;  
The one was a brother of a boy,  
Whose cheek bones turned out and turned in again,  
His name was Paddy O'Toole—  
The other was Mr. McFinnigan.

Bad luck to the rebels, says Pat,  
For kicking up all this bobby;  
They call themselves gentlemen, too,  
While practicing murder and robbery.  
Now if it's ginsale for to stale  
And take all your crediters in again,  
I'm glad I'm no gentleman born—  
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

The nagur States wanted a row,  
And now, 'pon me word they have got in it;  
They have chosen a bed that is hard,  
However, they strive for to cotton it.  
Now if it's the nagur they mean  
By chivvity, then it's a sin again  
To fight for a cause that's no black—  
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

Jeet mind what old England's about,  
A sending her troops into Canada;  
And all her old ships on the coast,  
Are ripe for some treachery any day.  
Now if she should mix in this war—  
To think so it makes me head spin again—  
Ould Ireland would have such a chance!  
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

There's never an Irishman born,  
From Maine to the end of Seccelondom,  
But longs for a time and a chance  
To fight for this country in Hessian-down.  
And as if old England should try  
With treacherous friendship to sin again,  
They'll be all on one side at once—  
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

Horreo for the Union, me boys!  
And the devil take all who would bother it,  
Secession's a nagur so black  
The devil himself ought to father it.  
Horreo for the bould Sixty-Ninth!  
Now they are bound to go in again;  
It's Corcoran's rescue there's at—  
You're right, sir, says Mr. McFinnigan.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;  
OR,  
PLOTS UNMASKED,  
AND  
VILLAINY DEFEATED.  
EMBRACING  
Fast Life Scenes in New York,  
IN WHICH  
The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Re-  
vengeful Vi am, The Designing Woman,  
AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS  
ARE  
TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.  
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Well, sir," said Cashton, as they seated themselves.  
"You saw the Herald?" queried Stiles.  
"Yes, and you succeeded entirely."  
"I did."

"The box—"  
"Is here," cried the burglar; and he drew from his coat pocket the small iron box that he had despoiled Lorrimer of.

Hastily did Cashton essay to open it, but his efforts were futile; rapidly did he press his hand on each and every portion, but the spring was obstinate, and refused to yield.

"The same difficulty I had," said Stiles, smiling.  
"D—nation," roared the Colonel, and he dashed the box to the ground. The violence of the concussion removed the obstacle, for the lid flew open, revealing the locket set with jewels. Hastily did Cashton pick this up, and as he gazed on it a change came over him. Memory was busy with the recollections of the past. As he gazed on that face, a vision of the time when he was young and gay, and when he had loved that fair girl, passed before his eyes, and then came the bitter, maddening thought that were it not for John Lorrimer he might have wooed and won that fair maiden, and a bitter imprecation rose to his lips.

"'Twas he that made me what I am," he muttered; "a villain, deep and deadly; 'twas he that made this terrible deformity in my features, and I shall visit these things on the head of his brainless son." An expression of such diabolical malignity swept over his countenance that even Stiles was startled at it. Soon, however, he recovered his composure, and drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, he threw them to Stiles.  
"Here is the promised reward," said he.

"Thank ye, Captain; any further little jobs in my line."  
"None at present. Ere long I may have something."  
"Any time, Captain. Any time, you know we're downy on everything, from faking a wiper to cutting a weasand," said Stiles.

"Had you any trouble with this affair?" asked Cashton.  
"But little—a flyer pounced on us as we was swiggin' some purt, but we gives him the sponge, and brings him along."

"Brought a boy—why so foolish?"  
"Because he d spotted us all, and it would be dangerous to let him run loose," answered Stiles.

"And where is this boy?"  
"In the dark-room—do you want to see 'im?"  
"He may give me useful information," thought Cashton, "I will see him."

"All right—look at him here or in the room?"  
"Here—he cannot escape," responded Cashton.

"All right—I'll bring him," and straightway the ruffian departed, soon returning, however, and ushering in the boy Robert.

Cashton was standing with his back to the door at the moment of the boy's entrance, but he turned short around as the door closed.

The boy gave a look of wonder and astonishment as his eyes fell on the well-known form, and two words escaped from him: "Colonel Cashton!"

"Ay, Colonel Cashton, and what of that, boy? Many a man hath smiled, and still had villainy ranking in their bosoms," said the Colonel, coolly.

"Oh! Colonel, I am glad 'tis you."  
"Glad! Why so, my boy?"  
"Because, now I shall be free."

"Oh, no—time enough for that yet. I would talk with you," said the Colonel.

"Talk with me? Will you not set me free?"  
"I cannot."

"Cannot!" echoed Robert. "Am I to spend all my life a prisoner?"

"Not unless you choose to."

"Choose! what escape is there? what way?"  
"Join the gang," said the Colonel, lighting a cigar.

"And become a thief? Never—death first," cried the boy.

"As you please," observed the Colonel, "you have two alternatives. One is to remain a prisoner until confinement kills you; the other, to become a member of the Circle."

"Colonel Cashton, are you such a villain?" cried Robert.

"I am. I dare not release you now, for 'twould criminate myself, with my plans but half executed," answered the Colonel.

"Plans," echoed the boy, who appeared to be revolving some project in his mind.

"Ay, plans. I am not yet done with Mister Lorrimer," said Cashton in tones of bitterness.

"Lorrimer!" ejaculated the boy; "oh! what of him?"

"What? mureh. I hate him, child."

"You will not harm him, Colonel. No, no, you will not harm him," cried the boy, in a voice of agony.

"Harm him, boy? were he in sickness, and a drop of water would give him life, I would not give the drop—were he suspended o'er the most terrible of abysses, I would not stretch forth a hand to save him; were he starving, I would not feed him; were he naked, I would not clothe him; for I hate him. I hate him!"

The Colonel in his excitement rapidly paced the floor.

"Then, Colonel Cashton, if you bear these terrible malignant feelings to him, how can you, how dare you eat and drink and talk and laugh with him?"

"How? it is my humor. Can I not with my smooth tongue and oily words entice him into such places as will prove his destruction? And when his fortune shall be gone, his health ruined, his prospects blighted, himself alone and friendless, then will I breathe into his ears that 'twas I that caused all this misery. I, the enemy of thy race."

"Oh! villain, villain!" cried Robert, "you may yet be foiled."

"Pshaw! but why take ye such an interest in Lorrimer, boy?"

"Because I love him. He has been good, kind and gentle to me."

"Fool that he is!" ejaculated Cashton.

"Oh! Colonel, I pray thee spare him. My life is at your service, but harm not him."

"Thy life? What would I do with thy life, boy?"

"Then you will spare him?"

"Never!"

"By that affection which you bore your mother, I call on you to spare him."

"Talk of the living, child; let the dead rest."

"Tell me at least, then, why this hatred for him?"

"Boy, you have loved, have you not?"

"Loved?" echoed the boy, sadly.

"Ay; I once loved, fiercely, madly; the story is long, but she whom I loved was taken from me almost at the moment she was to be mine forever. Even as through me, Lorrimer was deprived of the being he loved, at the time when their troth was well-nigh plighted."

"Through you, Colonel?" cried the boy.

"Ay, through me; 'twas the loss of her, and of a fortune he was sure of, that caused him to turn gambler, and to drink and dissipate; 'twas I that prompted him to this course; 'tis to me he owes the losses that drove him to it—a fortune and a wife."

"Devil!" cried the boy.

"You are bitter. He should thank me for depriving him of his mistress; she's but a nambly-pamby creature at the best. She had a cousin, though, that loved him dearly; but he, blind fool, did not see it. She was a fine girl. I tried to make myself agreeable to her once, but she rejected me with such hauteur that I never had courage to renew my suit."

"Do you still love her, Colonel Cashton?" asked the boy.

"No; still I would do much for her, provided she could be found," remarked the Colonel.

"Found?"

"Yes; she left her home a month ago, since which we have had no trace of her."

"Is she sought after?"

"Much. Her old uncle searches for her day and night."

"Colonel Cashton, if it were in your power to do a favor, a great one, for this girl you speak of, would you do it?"

"What a question—why do you ask?"

"Will you answer?"

"Yes, anything in my power I would do for Susan Winter," said Colonel Cashton.

"Are you sincere?" asked the boy, anxiously.

"I am, in all earnestness and truth."

For a moment the boy paused; then laying his hand on the Colonel's arm, he cried:

"Then set me free, for I am Susan Winter!"

CHAPTER XXI.  
AN EPISODE.

The reader will understand that the occurrences of the last chapter took place two days prior to the gambling-house scenes recorded in chapter nineteenth.

It may be unpardonable in us to deviate so much from our story, but with the reader's permission, we wish to describe to them a scene which occurred at the same gambling-hall where Harry had, as it is termed, "such a streak of luck."

On the afternoon preceding the night already mentioned, among a great crowd of men of all sizes and ages, who were snugly ensconced in the sitting-room of the Metropolitan Hotel, were two men, who, as it appeared, had entered into casual conversation.

The elder of these two was a fine looking person of some forty odd years, with that peculiar cast of features

and swarthy complexion that distinguish the Southern-born. He was elegantly dressed, and a diamond pin glittered in his bosom. He had registered his name as "Colonel Alden, of N. C."

His companion was a much younger man, apparently not over twenty-one—tall, possessing a figure full of grace, with a countenance prepossessing in the extreme, and a mass of jet black curls over his head that many a maiden would have sighed for. Pity that one calculated so well to adorn society, should be a bane to it. Such was Frank Fairman.

"And so, Colonel, this is your first visit to our metropolis," said Frank Fairman, knocking the ashes off a cigar he was smoking.

"My first, Mr. Fairman; although I am past the meridian of life, I never before visited New York. I will state to you frankly, that my prejudices against Northern men are so great, that I have always felt unwilling to spend my money among them," replied Col. Alden.

"I trust, Colonel, that we may, during your stay amongst us, be enabled to remove many of those prejudices," said Frank.

"You have already, sir. Never have I been better treated in my life than since I came North," responded Alden.

"It pleases me to hear you say so," returned Frank. "As this is my first visit to your city, Mr. Fairman, and may possibly be my last, I am determined to make a visit of it, and go everywhere, provided I can find a guide," observed the Colonel.

"I shall be most happy to act as your chaperone," responded Frank, eagerly.

"Thank you; if it would not be too much trouble."

"Trouble! 'twould be a pleasure, sir," cried Frank.

"Then I shall accept your services, and we can commence, when?"

"When you please," responded Fairman.

"What say you then to—to-night?"

"The earlier the better."

"To-night, then, it shall be. You must dine with me, Mr. Fairman."

"Thanks. I accept your kind invitation."

What were the thoughts of these two men? That which flashed through Fairman's mind was "ten thousand at least; it is a good spec," while Alden's reflections were—"Poor fool! how terribly he's deceived."

Dinner was soon over at the hotel, and at six o'clock the two gentlemen started forth, as Fairman observed, "in quest of the elephant." Previous to their starting, however, Frank, to his intense delight, saw the Colonel draw from the safe of the hotel an immense wallet.

We will not pause to give a sketch of the wanderings of the two gentlemen on this eventful evening. The gilded palaces of Mercer street—the quieter resorts in Crosby street—the glittering dens of Houston and Prince streets, were each in their turn visited. It was at one of these places that Fairman managed to communicate to one of his confederates the intelligence that, as we have seen, Cook delivered to the *colerie* of gamblers. It was nearly midnight when Frank first proposed to Alden the visit to the gambling house.

"As you please," responded the Colonel; "you know I am under your guidance."

"Do you ever play?" asked Fairman.

"I sometimes indulge in the quiet game of brag," responded the Colonel.

"Ah! then we shall venture a little; hey, Colonel!" cried Fairman, as they entered the portals of the house.

The arrival of the roper-in and the roped-in, produced considerable excitement within the walls of the gambling house. The parties therein had not yet fully recovered from the effects of their *rencontre* with Mark Winter and Lorrimer; and as their losses had been considerable, they felt particularly well pleased at the idea of sharing the contents of the Colonel's fat purse. To Mr. Tray only did Fairman address himself, treating the remainder of the party as if they were utter strangers. A liberal collation was partaken of by the Colonel and Frank, and then Mr. Tray proposed to once more open the faro bank.

"Nay," said Fairman, with a meaning glance; "my friend plays nothing but bluff."

"What of that?" interposed Allen; "these other gentlemen may wish—"

"No, no," cried several of them; "we are heartily tired of playing."

"Then suppose you and I, sir, indulge in a game of bluff?" remarked Tray, in his most insinuating manner.

"I have no objections," replied the other, smiling, "although I am confident I shall lose."

"What shall be the ante?" inquired Tray.

"What you please, sir," was the calm response.

"Will a five be too much?"

"No, the more the better."

Accordingly it was a five-dollar 'ante.' The first deal fell to Mr. Tray, who dealt them honestly, but as there were no 'hands out,' he made a double header of the pot. The moment he passed the cards to Alden, the latter gave a rapid but scrutinizing glance at the backs of them, and as he saw they were marked, a slight smile swept over his features. Carefully, however, did he deal the cards; but he covered his own hand up with his arm.

"Bet," cried Tray, tossing a bill into the centre of the table.

"Ten more," responded Alden, looking at his cards.

"That wins," and the Colonel accordingly raked the pile.

It is not our purpose to give a full description of each hand played; suffice it to say that at the expiration of two hours time, Colonel Alden was some thousand dollars ahead.

"You are fortunate," remarked young Hovey, who stood immediately behind the Colonel.

"Yes, rather so, in holding cards."

"Come," cried Tray, "this pack is used-up, we'll have a new deck. Hovey, bring some," and he tossed the pack he held, into a corner of the room.

A smile, the same scornful smile, swept over the stranger's features; but none of the gambling *clique* observed it.

"What say you, Colonel, to a glass of wine," observed Mr. Tray.

"I shall be most happy, sir," politely replied Alden, and forthwith the whole party repaired to the front room, where wine was partaken of.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Tray, as with his antagonist he resumed his seat, "now, sir, I must make my losses good."

A smile was the only reply, as Colonel Alden proceeded to deal the cards. Tray won, and he continued to win until he had recovered some eight hundred dollars of his lost money. Then, an attentive observer would have noticed, he shuffled the cards in a peculiar manner. That smile again, but silently Alden cut the cards; at this moment the man behind him addressed him. He turned his head, but still he saw that the packs had been changed.

Tray raised them to deal, when a sudden hammering on the front door of the hall caused all of them almost involuntarily to turn that way. Quick almost as the lightning's flash did Alden snatch from the top of the pack the first card, which he thrust in his bosom.

The deal went on, but ere either of the two had raised their hands from the table, Alden quietly remarked, "Sir, 'twould oblige me much if your friends would stay in the other room."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied Tray, and all left the room, save the "bluffers."

And now commenced a scene that Mr. Tray will never forget.

"Bet," observed Colonel Alden, as he looked at his hand.

"A hundred better."

"Five hundred more."

"Double it."

"Treble it."

"A thousand more."

"My hand calls for more than that, Mr. Tray, I am compelled to give you another thousand."

For a moment Tray paused. His hand was "big," very "big;" yet Colonel Alden seemed so confident, and was so cool, that the gambler's faith in his cards was somewhat shaken. This feeling immediately left him when he reflected that one of his immediate confederates had cut the cards, and accordingly he threw down a roll of bills.

"A thousand more, Colonel," and thus the betting went on until the sum of eight thousand dollars depended on this one hand; when Mr. Tray, deeming he had gone far enough, cried "I call your hand."

"My dear friend," said Alden, coolly, "I'm afraid you are beat. I have four kings," and he stretched his hand towards the pile of money.

"Four kings!" thundered Tray, "d—nation."

"They are here," said Alden, as he laid his cards on the table. That smile again. "Sir," said the Colonel, as he pocketed the money, "when you get a stocked deck next time, be sure and know yourself how they are to be stocked. You were right enough in betting—your hand was good, but I got your cards. I didn't get the first card, I got the second. Ha! ha! ha! how beautifully you are done, Mr. Tray," and Colonel Alden laughed heartily and put on his hat.

"Who, who the devil are you?" gasped Mr. Tray.

"Who? I will tell you," said the Colonel, taking a revolver from his breast, for the gamblers had gathered in a circle around him. "Who?" he repeated as they fell back. "I am Edward Sinclair."

"The great Southern gambler," cried Mr. Tray.

"Just so," and with another chuckle, the successful man left the hall.

For a moment after his departure, the gamblers eyed each other in silence. At length, the Irishman, Adams, broke forth—

"Twice done—once by a flat, and then by a sharper. Oh! murder, we'll be ruined!"

CHAPTER XXII.  
A PENITENT WOMAN.

It was night, and in the house in Wooster street, where we saw her before, sits Eva Darling. Her head is bowed down upon her hands, and her long silky curls float wantonly over her superb shoulders and bust; the rapid heaving of her bosom—those twin globules of living ivory—shows that she is intensely agitated, and it is not long ere her thoughts find vent in words.

"Miserable woman that I am, shall I ever more know happiness? No. I feel that I am doomed to suffer the ineffable anguish that convulses the soul of her who is lost to virtue, truth and honor. Would to Heaven that God, in his wisdom, had cut me down when I was a happy, innocent maid! Would that he, the destroyer of my soul, had never come! Wretch that he is!—base, soulless villain! And yet, fool, idiot that I was, I have loved that man—loved him with all the gushing ardor of a heart's first affections—loved him as man was never loved before! But that dream is past, for he, whom I was intended I should draw into the dread vortex of ruin, has provoked within me such a feeling of my own bitter degradation and shame, that I fear I shall go mad. Mad! is not madness oblivion?—and oblivion is better by far than this torturing, wretched life!"

In the extremity of her grief, the ill-starred Eva had arisen, and was pacing the floor with rapid strides, when the door was suddenly opened, and the old negress announced—"Dat dere was a gem man down stairs, says as how his name is Lor'ner, and wants to know if he can see Miss Darlin'."

"He here? No, I will not see him. Tell him I am not at home—dead—anything; yet, stay," cried the woman, as Dinah was departing. "stay. I will see him."

"I dun'no, but 'pears to me Missus Eva must be a goin' crazy," thought Dinah, as she descended the stairs to where Harry was standing in the hall.

"I have come again, you see," said our friend, as he entered the room where Eva had now seated herself, she, by a violent effort, having conquered the terrible agitation that had convulsed her. "According to promise, I have come again."

"You are welcome, sir," cried Eva, with a gracious smile. "You have been ill?"

"Yes—a mere trifle—a pistol shot."

"In danger?" cried the startled girl; then suddenly resuming her calmness, she resumed, "Was it accidental, pray?"

"No; 'twas done by a malicious villain, whom I soundly thrashed," answered Harry.

"Be seated, sir," said Eva, waving her hand; "and now, sir, pray tell me your errand here to-night. Is it like some ancient chevalier, come to tell of wars gone through, of dangers past, or—?"

"To tell of his love for his most fair lady," interrupted Harry, assuming the same gay tone as his *vis-a-vis*, for the two parties had now seated themselves on a *tele-a-tele*.

"Heaven forbid!"

"Yourself, then," said Harry.

"Me?" laughed the lady, but it was a hollow laugh; me? nay, that were dull indeed."

"Dull! To make you dull were a Herculean labor."

"And yet," said the lady in such altered tone that Harry was thoroughly startled, "and yet I sometimes weep."

"Weep!" responded Lorrimer, "weep! nay, then, I'll wipe thy tears away."

"No more of this badinage. I pray you," cried Eva.

"Badinage! I was never more serious, for indeed I do love thee," cried Harry, impetuously.

"Love!" echoed the woman, "love, and yet you know that I am a harlot. Love me? Poor fool that I am to hope for such a blessed thing."

"Nay, then you do hope," cried Harry, eagerly. "By all my hopes of heaven, I swear to thee I love—"

TO BE CONTINUED.







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## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1862.

Not to be mistaken.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE SOLDIER.

The war which has been so long afflicting this once united country, but which now happily promises a speedy termination, will teach us many things. Among these, that a Regular Army, numerically strong and well disciplined, is a desideratum in a powerful nation, to protect her against foreign or domestic. The time has passed away since any credence could be placed in the present cry of danger to our civil liberties through the existence of a Standing Army proportionate to our rank among the other powers of the earth. Experience has shown how much more danger we have to apprehend from agencies that have no heaven of the military in them; and it has been left to our later times to prove how potent the settled and recognized soldiering of a country is, in vindicating her honor and carrying her through her difficulties.

The causes that have operated against the due recognition of various claims to respect in other nations, and in this against the reduction of soldiers at all beyond a certain limit—which have led to a military uniform almost to the same level as a snaky's livery—need no particular exposition at our hands. Smooth-tongued philosophers, jumping at the chimera of universal brotherhood among men, have charmed the ears of people and governments, and consequently have been once large military establishments, have been put upon a diminished or peace footing.

This error has been so where so manifest as in the United States. Here we have a recognized nation of the first class, which, if it escaped the peril threatened by the conflict of two great parties, was still open to the assaults of foes without her borders. All this we have seen, and what, as its accompaniments? A deficient army and a poor and neglected navy. Bad enough, to be sure, but worse, in the face of a rapidly increasing bitterness between two sections of the Republic, and the augmenting armaments of foreign powers, which had enticed the fallacy promulgated by Peace Congresses.

Taking all things into consideration, we believe that the regular army of the United States ought to number one hundred thousand men. The figures may seem large, but only consider of what importance they would have been at the breaking out of this unholy rebellion; how necessary such an aggregate is, in view of the possible dangers that may ensue. At the same time, let the navy be strengthened; and then we may laugh to scorn the treason of those with us, and the malignity and envy of those absent.

We must have more soldiers, and soldiers alone. That we believe, is generally conceded. There is, however, something connected with this necessity which is not so manifest. This is the essential of training our defenders in those healthful exercises which we have so successfully advocated with respect to the mere civilian. Before we proceed to advert directly to the advantages to be derived by the masses through the means of rude physical training, let us illustrate the evils to which he is subjected from the neglect of the same.

Take up the statistics of war, and one among the many revelations which will startle you, is the higher rate of mortality, induced by ill health, over that induced by the weapons of the enemy. A thing, so startling at the first dash, must necessarily invite reflection and comment, which, in their turn, must demonstrate the fact that, with all the appliances brought to bear in making the good soldier, a very important one has been neglected. Need we say what that is? Physical education.

Let us now come to the affirmative, which we cannot better do, than by pointing out the advantages inseparable from the bodily strengthening of the soldier. For him we would recommend exercises in the gymnasium, on the turf, and on the water. In the first, there are the ropes and the poles, by availing himself of which he can render his muscles strong, and his whole frame elastic; in the others, equal advantages are open to him; the bracing air—the wholesome ground. To-day, let him be an earman—to-morrow, take a hand at base ball or cricket, and a foot (we intend no joke) at running; and it will do him no harm, if, while out or in doors, he has a bout with the gloves.

It is by these means that many a man, naturally weakly, and of frail health, has been changed into a man of strength and good constitution; and many a man, naturally strong and healthy, has been improved to a wonder in those respects. Such men ought to be the only ones admitted into the regular army; for, with their admission therein, should their physical training cease? No; while in barracks, and while in camp, too, it would be proper that their physical exercises should be continued. Then war, always a curse, but often a necessity, would be shorn of more than half its horrors, for then the weapon that slays more than the weapons of the enemy would be sheathed; then would disease and imperfect health be banished from the legion.

From what we have heard, in connection with our advocacy of physical education, we are hopeful that what we have specially recommended in this article, will be adopted by those who have the official power to interfere. If such should be the happy result, we may expect to see a new department introduced into our army. There, we already have our several staffs, the Medical and the number. Let us add one of Health and Exercise; and great will be the benefits accruing therefrom.

FOOT RACE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Seeing a challenge in last week's CLIPPER, from Young Griffin, of Boston, to run any man in America, a race of five miles, I beg to reply by stating that I have had the rheumatism for eight months, but am now getting well again, and expect to be all right by May, when I will be first on the list to run him five miles, for \$250 a side. If this rule, he can let me know in next week's CLIPPER. Y. N. Nemo, Philad., Feb. 19, '62.

APPROPRIATE.—Uncle Sam's affection for his degenerate children of the South is unbounded. He even now stands ready, with open arms, to receive them back, without money and without price.

NOT APPRECIATED.—The rebels do not appreciate the favors of Uncle Sam, so recently and so generously bestowed on them by a "General Grant."

## KEENAN AND SAYERS—AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

New York, Feb. 29, 1862.

EDITOR CLIPPER:—Dear Sir,—On taking up the London Sporting Life of January 29, I noticed some editorial comments reflecting on your Champion, Keenan, and American generally, and as they are by no means in accordance with truth, permit me, as an Englishman, and an admirer and fellow countryman of countrymen of Tom Sayers, to briefly point them out. In the first place, the editor says that Sayers is in his contest with Keenan, "left the field on unbroken terms." Now, without wishing to detract one iota from Sayers' character for indomitable bravery, for, did not Keenan, time and again, urge an early day for the battle to be renewed? And was he not refused under the plea that Sayers needed time to recruit, and repair damages? And again, was not Keenan cajoled into relinquishing his claim upon the belt, by the promise that he should receive another, the exact counterpart of the original trophy? Now, Mr. Editor, I contend that when, in any sort of contest, one of the combatants or opposing forces shirks a renewal of hostilities, and beats a retreat in consequence of injuries sustained at the hands of the other, he virtually leaves the battle field in the possession of his opponent, and is, therefore, to all intents and purposes, beaten. And thus it is that I, from British testimony solely, have come to the conclusion that Keenan was not outfought, but outwitted; and that is why he has never received the belt. I contend, also, that the belt recently fought for by Keenan and Keenan, became the property of the latter, and which he relinquished, he claims thereto have not been fulfilled. Immediately following the above quotation, and in referring to the front affair, the *Life* remarks in substance, that the knowledge that in the British army and navy are to be found such men as Sayers, "produced, in some degree, the ready reparation which the United States were compelled to make, in the shape of a supposition in the extreme, because, in the ranks of the U. S. army are hundreds and thousands of English, Scotch, and Irishmen, who, for all the qualities that go to make up a soldier, are the equals, at least, of Sayers, or "any other man." Again, compulsion is the result of force used. How then were the United States compelled to make reparation? Will the *Life* make answer? Further than this, however, those who are posted know that the *London Sporting Life* has been voluntarily proffered by the U. S. Government, before the demands even of the British Government were, or could be known here. What can be more silly, then, than to talk about compulsion. It will be a sorry day for both countries, when such a statement shall be recorded on the page of history for truth, so matter to which side it may refer. And this last is the chief reason for my thus writing, because, being an Englishman born and educated, and a long time resident of this country, and having witnessed the elevation tendered the Prince of Wales in this city, with a heart overwhelmed with pleasurable feelings, as well as the rejoicings of this people when the message flashed across the Atlantic from my beloved Queen, "peace on earth and good will towards men," I had thought and earnestly hoped that in the future the two nations would fraternize as one, and that each would bear with the other's infirmities and mistakes. But with sorrow I remark, that such opinions as the above are continually thrown out by a portion of the British press, who take the cue, and base their opinions on the say so of the lying correspondent of the London Times. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, allow me to say, that although in every respect my opinions are not reflected in your journal, yet I do admire it for its uniformly honest course, and hope always to be one of its readers. One word to the *Sporting Life*, and I have done. Take all such talk back, because it is wrong; efforts to set two powerful nations, peopled by the same race, at variance, may some day result in the most deadly warfare recorded in the annals of the world.

A NATIVE OF CROFTON, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

AN EX-CTOR AT THE BAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER:—Sir,—Possibly the following may be esteemed as worthy of your publication: The Shakespearean adage, that "one man in his time plays many parts," is very fully illustrated in the case of the late Mr. Edwin James, an old actor was the hero of the occasion. We allude to Mr. Edwin James—not our young friend who has long been a correspondent of yours—but the gentleman who commenced his career some thirty years since, in the Theatre Royal, Bath, in England, and became, in succession, a Queen's Counsel, the recorder of Brighton, and the representative in the House of Commons of the great and flourishing metropolitan constituency of Marylebone. It may perhaps be accounted a singular fact, that the writer of these lines, by some ten years the junior of Mr. James, should have known him in both hemispheres, and during a flying visit to New York, where his nearest connections reside, should, without the least tinging of what was coming off, have witnessed the performance of the great actor, and have seen him, and had a glimpse of the good humored, honest face of Judge Hearse. Once in the court room, however, a surprise was in store for us. It was in the announcement that Mr. Edwin James, from England, was then to make his debut in America, as a pleader. It was long time since we had seen Mr. James, our william associate in the mimic scene. But in the interval we had heard of his progress, and had gained in wealth and position, and how his prospects pointed to the day when still higher eminence might be his. Our memory of the young man, as he had appeared as your *Travis* and *Montana*, so long a time ago, and so many miles away, was fresh within us, and we were anxious to test the extent of the change which three decades had wrought in him. At length he came before us. In a flash of a moment we knew him. It was certainly not the slender Mr. James of former years, with fresh complexion and nut brown hair; but the jolly, substantial middle-aged gentleman, with whom the world had waged well, and who was determined to live and laugh up to eighty at least. It was a very minor case, and of the kind in which Mr. James appeared, but it did not prevent the outpouring of his fluency and the exhibition of his legal skill. There was an immense deal of the actor still about the counselor—a good deal of the lawyer too, although our ancient acquaintance did not show in the spangled suit of the stage or the black gown and short wig of the English barrister. Much had grown in bulk and weight, and much had been lost in the hair and whiskers where there had been none. Very collected in manner and very fluent in words, he occupied the attention of the Court for some minutes, and when he had done, left the impression on the minds of all present, that, if life were spared him, he would become an ornament of the American bar, if not an object of the American bench. We were pleased to recognize an old friend, and under these favorable circumstances, and remembering that Mr. James had been an actor in his green days, we thought that these jottings down would not be out of place in the CLIPPER, the exclusive organ of the actors, on this side of the water at least.

CURLING IN CANADA.

ANNEXED is a report of the doings of the various curling clubs in Canada, during the past and present month:—

TORONTO VS DUNDAS played at Toronto, Feb. 8; 2 rinks, 8 players a side; Toronto winning by 14 shots.

TORONTO—Rink 1, 17, 2, 22—29  
Dundas—Rink 1, 16, 2, 22—25

THE ONTARIO CLUB, Hamilton, played their annual match at points for the club's gold medal, Jan. 18; it was won by Mr. H. B. Bull.

TORONTO VS SCARBORO' played on "Badger's Pond," Scarboro', Jan. 28; 4 rinks, 16 players a side; Toronto winning by 2 shots.

TORONTO VS SCARBORO'—Rink 1, 23, 18, 28, 24, 47  
Scarboro'—Rink 1, 22, 21, 3, 15, 4, 24—82

TORONTO VS SENECA AND ANCASTER.—This curling match, for a medal presented by the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland, was played on the Don, Jan. 31, between the above; 2 rinks, 8 players a side; Toronto winning by 23 shots.

SENECA AND ANCASTER—Rink 1, 21, 2, 8—29  
Hamilton vs London played at London, Feb. 12; London winning by 2 shots.

LONDON—Rink 1, 22, 2, 30, 3, 22, 4, 10—54  
Hamilton—Rink 1, 15, 2, 16, 3, 11, 4, 40—85

TORONTO VS SCARBORO' played at the Victoria 12th; 4 rinks, 16 players a side; Toronto winning by 3 shots.

TORONTO—Rink 1, 16, 2, 28, 3, 19, 4, 25—85  
Scarboro'—Rink 1, 28, 2, 18, 3, 20, 4, 19—85

TORONTO VS OXFORD, Hamilton, played on Ashbridge's Bay, Feb. 7; Toronto winning by 5 shots.

TORONTO VS OXFORD—Rink 1, 26, 2, 10, 3, 22, 4, 12—79  
Oxford—Rink 1, 18, 2, 21, 3, 16, 4, 10—46

TORONTO VS BURLINGTON, Hamilton, played at Hamilton, Feb. 4; Toronto winning by 23 shots.

BURLINGTON—Rink 1, 21, 2, 27, 3, 26—76  
Burlington—Rink 1, 21, 2, 11, 3, 13—46

HINTS TO BIG GUNNERS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1862.

FRANK QUEEN.—Dear Sir,—In view of the recent and accidents while using pieces of artillery, I have been induced by some mutual friends to address you on the subject. I therefore respectfully solicit your aid in making known, through your paper, some practical hints which are not so generally known, out of the regular service, as they ought to be. We soldiers know of no such vehicle for such information as your ever welcome little CLIPPER, and perhaps sporting men may not object to the trophy being a slight one. In rapid firing, no minute gun, for example, there is much heat produced from the mere explosion of the cartridge. This is commonly called "the latent heat." So it is. This "latent heat" becomes destructive when confined to the gun.

Novices not understanding the circumstances, frequently exert themselves to stop the vent of the gun after firing. This only compresses the latent heat until it accumulates so as to prematurely explode some fresh cartridge.

Therefore, let us recur to regular ordnance practice. As soon as a gun has been fired, let the swab (dipping well) be introduced. Leave the touch-hole, or vent, open. Thus the latent heat departs by the vent, as the swab is gradually sent to the bottom of the gun. While there, let the swab be turned around once at least, but twice should it be placed firmly on the vent, until the swab is thinned down.

Now, remember, boys, the vent must not be stopped during the ramming of the cartridge. But—

Stopping the vent while the swab is being drawn produces a vacuum. This extinguishes every spark of fire. For cannot exist where there is no air.

The philosophy of this may be made familiar when we see an extinguisher placed over a burning candle, or in the surgeon's use of a cupping glass. When there is no oxygen, the fire goes out immediately in the way.

Yours respectfully, AN OLD ARMY DOG.

A TONGUE TALKER L(ies) in.—The line in the clause of the bill that proposes to make Uncle Sam's Treasury Notes legal tender.

## BALL PLAY.

THE RESOLUTE CLUB.

The following is the analysis of the season's play of the members of the above Club, who have taken part in first nine matches:

Players.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.
Adams	4	10	2	12	3	8	0	0	1	0
Allen	6	19	8	4	7	1	0	1	6	3
Barro	5	25	8	1	19	2	8	4	0	0
Bennett	3	1	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	2
Blackwell	1	1	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	0
Beard	3	9	3	0	1	2	3	0	1	3
Bowie	6	16	2	13	2	1	0	0	1	1
Boswell	3	7	2	1	7	1	3	0	8	1
Biles	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	0
Cowperthwaite	7	16	2	22	3	1	4	1	0	1
Craig	5	12	2	13	2	3	0	0	1	1
Darwin	1	16	2	13	2	3	0	0	1	1
McCutcheon	3	7	2	1	8	2	2	0	0	2
McGee	11	27	2	26	2	4	1	0	4	2
Rogers	10	31	3	22	2	4	0	0	1	3
Ross	3	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	3	3
Sanford	3	7	2	1	3	0	0	0	1	1
Stearns	5	1	1	3	1	3	0	1	3	2
Taylor	7	17	2	19	2	5	1	0	0	0
Wilson	2	6	2	1	4	2	0	1	4	1

Additional statistics.

The Resolute Club have played ten first nine matches this season, and of these they have won seven and lost three.

The clubs they defeated were the Mystic (twice), Active, Niagara, Oriental (twice), and Quicksip. The games they lost were those with the Mystic (once), Constellation, and Niagara (each).

The total number of innings that were played in the above games was 82, and the total number of runs obtained was 215, giving an average of 2 runs to an innings, with 54 over. The total number of runs obtained by their opponents in the same matches being 151, giving an average of one run to an innings, and 69 over.

Of the innings played, there were 16 in which no runs were made, giving an average of one to each match and 5 over. The number of the name on the part of their opponents was 23, an average of 2 to a match and 3 over.

The greatest number of innings in a match, in which no runs were made, were 4; and there were 4 games in which runs were made in every inning.

The highest score made in a match was 32, the lowest being 7; the same scores on the part of their opponents being respectively 22 and 8.

There were two games in which double figures were scored in single innings, and one on the part of their opponents.

The highest score made in one innings was 11; the highest of their opponents being 10.

The number of passed balls in five out of the ten games—all the games not being fully recorded was 44; the number of fly catches made and missed, in the same matches, being respectively 38 and 16. In the same five matches, too, they put out 23 of their opponents on foul balls, only 25 of their own players being similarly put out.

The quickest game played, of which we have any account, occupied 3 hours; the longest occupied 3 hours and 35 minutes.

The first match was played June 22d, the last, Sept. 26th.

The Resolute, last season, were a junior club. At the last convention, however, they were elected as a senior organization.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

### FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB. 10.—Patrick and Foley—25 a side, Birmingham.  
11.—Joe Goss and W. Ryal (Brettie's Big 'Un)—£100 a side.  
24.—Cargy Wilson and Mitty—£10 a side, Birmingham.

MARCH 13.—Bob Brettie and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, at 10st 2lb.  
17.—Today Middleton and Young MacNulty—£10 a side, catch weight, Birmingham.

25.—George King and Goss—£250 a side, at 9st, Home Circuit.  
26.—Baldeck and J. Breckers—£25 a side, at 9st, Home Circuit.

APRIL 1.—Randell and Hopkins—£10 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.  
8.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, Birmingham.

—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home Circuit.  
15.—W. Thorpe and George Henley—Thorpe staking £25 to £20, at 10st 12lb, Home Circuit.

22.—Nobby Hall and C. Wilkinson—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb.  
29.—Jesse Hatten and Micky Gannon—£50 a side, at catch weight, Home Circuit.

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

MAC, KING AND GOSS.—The last scene in "the battle of Godstone" will be enacted at Joe Mac's hostelry, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, this (Wednesday) evening, when he will be formally presented with the amount of the stake, £400, and will once more gird his loins with the belt he has so gallantly defended. A large number of the friends of both gladiators will, doubtless, be present to witness the Champion receive the reward of his prowess. The pretensions of Joe Goss, the new aspirant for the Championship, are likely to be discussed with great eagerness, now that he has set his heart upon attaining the highest honors of his profession. As our readers are aware, Goss, determined to seize the first opportunity, left £25 immediately after the result of the late contest became known, so that had Tom King felt disposed for a fresh struggle, he would have been able to do so. Goss, in well known, is matched to fight Ryal (Brettie's Big 'Un) in the course of next week, so that we shall have another test of Joe's pretensions. Of course, the fresh match must be made on the Champion's side, to fight within the stipulated time, or the belt resigned. The trophy has to be held three years, and Mac came in possession of it on the 15th of last June, when he overthrew the "Skylark" infant, and it seems plain that Joe will not be left in undisturbed possession of his title. Goss was born in 1839, at Northampton, and is consequently now in his twenty-third year. He stands 5ft. 8in. in height, and weighs, when in training, about 16st 7lb. He has never yet been defeated, as the following summary of his performance will show.—His first appearance in the P.R. was with George Ayres, at Long Buckby, in 1858, about four years since, when he defeated easily in 1 hour 20 minutes. He next met Rixen, for £10 a side, and after fighting for 3 hours and 2 minutes, the police interfered, and Goss received £7 to draw the money. He then met and beat J. Rooke, of Birmingham, for £25 a side, on Sept. 20, 1859, in 1 hour 40 minutes; fifty-four rounds. Forfeited £25 to Price, of Bletton, Nov. 1859. Beat Price, £10 to £5, same year. In 1860, beat C. Fatchell, of Wolverhampton, £10 a side, 17 minutes forty rounds. In 1860, beat Rodger Crutchley, £100 a side, July 17, in 3 hours 20 minutes. In 1861, beat Ryal (Bob Brettie's Big 'Un), £50 a side, September 24, thirty-seven rounds, 2 hours 50 minutes. There can be no doubt that Goss possesses one qualification in an eminent degree—that is, gameness, his fight with Ryal affording ample proof of that fact. The Big 'Un, in that encounter, took a decided lead until the tenth round, which lasted fifty-seven minutes, when they had been fighting two hours and seven minutes. From this point Goss gradually recovered, and persevering in his usual determined manner, won the battle. Taking into consideration the hearty constitution and youthful hardness of the undefeated aspirant, we see no reason why he should not "keep the game alive," though it will take a clipper of his weight to have any chance with the present Champion, who in the meantime assures us that he shall defend the belt to the last, in a really "do or die" manner. Mac has been on a visit to Norwich since our last, where he was received with enthusiasm by his fellow citizens. Notwithstanding the attentions of his friends in the city, he will be in the East this evening, to receive three friends and admirers who may be present at the ceremony of handing over the battle money.—*Sporting Life*, Feb. 5.

ONE SIDED MILL AT CARDIFF.—Geo. Bond, of Weddall, near Cardiff, and Sam Daniels, butcher, of Cardiff, met at an early hour on the morning of Jan. 21st, to settle their differences, for a small stake. Bond, on stripping, looked full 21lbs. heavier than his antagonist, and the betting was very brisk, being 2 to 1 on the Weddallist. When they got together it was plainly seen that Bond had no pretensions to science, for after fighting three rounds in sixteen minutes, Daniels succeeded in planting a heavy nose-ender, completely knocking the brave Bond out of time. A large number of the sporting fraternity of Cardiff witnessed the affair.

PRESENTATION OF A RING.—Tom Sayers has presented to his old friend and supporter, Mr. James Handley, a magnificent diamond ring, as a mark of friendship and esteem. Tom wished to present some substantial mark of respect to Mr. Handley, for his many kindnesses and enduring friendship, and the recipient preferred some such token to any pecuniary reward. The ex-champion, therefore, determined to procure a ring of the most costly description. It is inscribed as follows:—"Presented to Mr. James Handley, by Mr. Thomas Sayers, Champion of England, December, 1861."

GOOD FIGHT AT MANCHESTER, FOR £25 A SIDE.—W. Ferguson, of Salford, and J. Welsh, (alias Tully Tom) of Manchester, met on Tuesday, the 23rd ult, at a well-known spot, near the quiet hamlet of Whitmore, about eleven miles from Crewe, to fight for £25 a side. The betting was rather heavy at slight odds on Ferguson. The men commenced proceedings at twelve minutes to nine, A. M., and, after a good and well contested battle, occupying in all forty-seven rounds, Ferguson was declared the winner in two hours and a half, amidst the cheers of his friends.

JOE GOSS AND W. RYAL, (Bob Brettie's Young Big 'Un) £100 A SIDE, AT CATCH WEIGHT.—The final dispute for the above event has taken place on Friday next, when arrangements will be made respecting the time of departure and the whereabout of the two men. Both are reported to be well, and, from their previous encounter, with its incidents, a good mill must be anticipated.

GEORGE KING AND RANDOLPH, £50 A SIDE.—George King and Patsy Randol are matched to fight for £50 a side, in the home circuit, on Tuesday, March 25.

## SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER SEVEN.

CONTINUED.

OLD JOE ROWE; "DICK TURPIN'S HOUSE."

To attempt a description of the route to the house where Dick Turpin spent many a night when the police were anxious to "tumble to him," would be a heavy task for one who but a week before, was on his first voyage to London; therefore I will simply mention that we took over a dozen turnings, and eventually landed in "the ugliest neighborhood in London," where Joe Rowe's house stands, viz., "The Grapes, Paternoster Row, Union street, Spitalfields," and as we are at the door, two or three recognitions, "Lynch, and in we go. Music, dancing, singing, and shouting



speedily joined another two, and thus "made four" at cribbage, and awaited the final draw with which the round concluded. I had no further business at what I conscientiously believe to be the noblest public house in London, so I gladly made my way out into the open air.—To be continued.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

## NUMBER FIFTY.

## JOHN GIBBS GILBERT.

Born in Boston, Mass., in 1809; made his first appearance on any stage at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, November 28, 1828, as Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved"; first appearance in New York in June, 1839, at the Bowery Theatre, as Sir Edward Mortimer, in "The Iron Chest." In May, 1847, he sailed from New York for England, and made his debut on the London boards in June, at the Princess Theatre, as Sir Robert Bramble, in "The Poor Gentleman." Returned to the United States, and was attached to the Park Theatre, in 1848, when it was destroyed by fire. First appeared in Philadelphia at the Chestnut-street Theatre, March 3, 1851, as Master Walter; remained till the close of the season of 1852, as stage manager. On the opening of the New Boston Theatre, September 11, 1854, Mr. Gilbert became attached to the company, and in a very short time was appointed stage manager, which position he held with credit to himself and to all connected with the establishment. In August, 1858, he became a permanent member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he remained till June, 1860. He then visited Boston for a short season, but soon after returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Gilbert is one of the best representatives of old men in the world. There are many characters in which he stands unrivalled; his Dogberry, Sir Peter Teazle, and Lord Ogleby, are unapproachable. He possesses undoubted talent, genius, judgment, and physical and intellectual energy, not to be approached by any other artist. He never resorts to that clap-trap mummery and charlatanism, which has often been resorted to by others. Mr. Gilbert was attached to the Princess Theatre, London, a whole season, doing the leading business with great success. Mr. Gilbert's impersonation of Lord Ogleby, in the "Clandestine Marriage," is faultless; indeed, it is a case of doing nothing. It is marked by a close observation, not only of the text, but of the peculiarity of the character. The childlike of old age, its imbecile vanity, wherein the dreams of youth assumed the forms of reality, are all given with that excellence of style, that stamps the master in his glorification of his art. Thus the picture is not marred by any of those angular motions of the body, distortion of features, and forced manner of expression, which introduced in naturally drawn characters, destroys at once the harmony and beauty of the whole. Mr. Gilbert is at present a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and he never played better in his life than he has since the opening of the present season, 1861-'2, and it is with pleasure we are enabled, for the first time since the death of old Warren, to point out an artist upon whose shoulders the mantle of that artist has fallen.

## MRS. JOHN GILBERT.

Born in Philadelphia in 1810; made her first appearance upon any stage at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, as Sophie, in "Of Age to-morrow"; made her debut in New York, in 1841, at the Bowery Theatre. In May, 1847, she visited England, and made her debut on the London stage, as Mrs. Lillywhite, in the farce of "Forty and Fifty." On the 3d of March, 1851, first appeared in Philadelphia at the Chestnut-street Theatre, as Mrs. Lillywhite. In 1854 she accompanied her husband to Boston, and became a member of the New Boston Theatre. During the season of 1858-'9, she was attached to the company of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. At the close of the season she visited Boston and played a short engagement, after which she retired from the profession. Mrs. Gilbert is a fair representative of that line of characters called "old women" on the American stage; in such characters as Mrs. Heidegger, Lady Doherty, and Miss Lucretia McTab, she is perfectly at home. Her countenance is, however, better suited for the haughty dame than the affable woman of fashion.

## EDWARD FRANK KEACH.

Born in Baltimore, Md., in 1824. He was educated at an Academy at Fruit Hall, R. I., and at fifteen years of age entered a cotton factory at Providence, R. I., as an assistant book-keeper. He made his first appearance on the stage under an assumed name, in June, 1840, at the Providence Theatre. The evening's performance was for the benefit of Mr. George Goodnow; the beneficiary playing Damon, and (our hero) Dionysius, for which privilege, a sum of money was paid by the friends of Mr. Keach. The performance, however, was brought to a close by a "break" in the second act. Mr. Keach next visited Baltimore, where he played during the season of 1840-'1, at the Holliday Street Theatre, making his debut as Orleans, in "Richelieu"; the season coming to a close, he moved over to the Front Street Theatre, where he remained a short time. Made his first appearance in New York, July 4th, 1841, at the Franklin Theatre. From New York he went to Boston, making his debut at the opening of the musical season of 1841-'2, as Romeo, in the "Laugh When You Can," and remained there until 1850—nine seasons. At the opening of the Boston Museum for the season 1850-'1, he appeared as Frederick Bramble. When Mrs. B. P. Bowers opened the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1858, she engaged this gentleman as leading man for that establishment, and he made his debut August 21st, as Romeo. In December of the same year, he added the arduous duties of stage manager to that of actor, and fulfilled the duties with marked ability. At the close of the season he returned to Boston to take the entire management of the Museum, where he is at present. Mr. Keach is a young actor of great improvement. He speaks with great good sense, his enunciation is distinct, and he has made his mark in his profession. Whether in tragedy, comedy, or farce, he is always at home; easy, graceful, and perfect in the text. All he requires, now, to finish him as an artist, is a command and control of his voice. It is not unfrequently given out of tune—sometimes too high, at others too low. The qualities of the voice are distinguished by the terms of "rough, smooth, harsh, soft, slender," etc. These, like the elements that make up the science of music, have to be closely studied. The great fault of Mr. Keach is abruptness. This destroys the voice's harmony by emitting a full discharge sound, and then sinks down to what is termed a *crescendo* note. He has no pitch which denotes the place in the musical scale of the sound, or the place to strike, hence that harsh, uneven flow, rolls on to the end. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Keach is a very promising actor, and in several characters is very fine.

## JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

Born on the "Farm," near Baltimore, Md., in 1838; made his first appearance on the stage in 1855, at Richmond, in "Richard III.," for the benefit of J. S. Clark, at the St. Charles Theatre, Baltimore; first appeared in Philadelphia under the name of Wilkes, at the Arch-street Theatre, Aug. 15, 1857, as Second Macbeth, in the "Maid of the Strand"; remained a member of the company the entire season. Next he became a member of the Richmond, Va. Theatre, at which place he not only improved very fast in his profession, but became a great favorite. During the season of 1860 and '61, he made his fulling star engagements in the South, appearing in "Romeo," "Macbeth," and all the leading tragedy parts. He is a very ambitious young man, and will, ere long, become the greatest native-born actor ever seen on the American stage. He has fulfilling highly successful engagements throughout the West, and his "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Sir Edward Mortimer," are highly spoken of by the press of those cities which he has visited. Mr. Booth is no common genius; he has the natural advantage of a good figure, a musically full and rich voice, of rare compass and modulation, "a face that takes," and an eye that expresses tenderness and love, malice and hate, pleasure and sorrow, as perfectly as the language he utters, or the tone in which it is conveyed. His transitions are absolutely electrifying, and in this respect those who have seen the old Booth, observe a "family resemblance." To these material aptitudes, he adds a very clear perception of character, with the ability to assume it, to enter into and become a part of it. He is evidently a close student, and not forgetful of those minor graces of art which complete and make perfect the interpretation of character.

## MRS. JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

MADON NAME, De Bar. Born in Dublin, Ireland in 1819; made her first appearance on the stage at the Hawkins-street Theatre, in her native place, as Lucy, in "The Spoiled Child." Made her debut on the American stage in 1836, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, as Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child." Afterwards at the New York Park Theatre, as Marian Ramsey, in "Turnout," and in Philadelphia, in 1831, as Susan Ashfield, at the Chestnut-street Theatre. Mrs. Booth was one of the most beautiful women of her day. She remained but a short time on the stage, yet gained an enviable reputation for her impersonation of Susan Ashfield.

## MRS. J. B. BOOTH, JR.

Known as Miss Harriet Mace during Pelby's management of the Old National Theatre, Boston. She died in San Francisco, Aug. 28, 1869, after a lingering illness.

## JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH, JR.

Born at Charleston, S. C., in 1821; made his first appearance on the stage in 1834, at Pittsburgh, Pa., as Trevel, in "Richard III." appeared first in New York at the Bowery Theatre, in 1851; went to California in 1851, and at the present time resides in San Francisco. He was married to Miss De Bar, but separated, and married Harriet Mace.

## WM. RUFUS BLAKE.

Born in Halifax, N. S., made his first appearance on the American stage at the Old Chatham Theatre, New York, in 1824, as Frederick, in "The Poor Gentleman," and "The Three Slaves." In 1827 he went to Boston, and became stage manager of the Tremont Theatre. On the first day of January, 1829, he became manager of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in conjunction with Mr. Inslee; from the Walnut he went to New York, and was stage manager of the Broadway Theatre; he visited the principal cities throughout the United States as a star. On the occasion of his last engagement in Philadelphia, he took occasion to insult his audience

in such a manner, that we have an idea that it will be a long time before he will again have the honor of intruding himself upon an indulgent public. It was on the occasion of his benefit at the Walnut-street Theatre, October 3, 1857. The attendance was very small, and at the close of the piece he was "loudly" called for by the "upper tiers," on making his appearance, cries of "speech!" were heard; he advanced to the footlights, and thus directed himself:—"You have called upon me for a speech. If I say what I think, it will be neither pleasant to you, nor agreeable to me. It is lamentable—it is lamentable. It is lamentable for the citizens of Philadelphia to see the Walnut-street Theatre thus—thus utterly destroyed; and if people formerly regarded with favor, coming from other parts, are not treated better than the company now playing here, here I am quite confident they will have a poor opinion of you. These are my sentiments." Comment on the above is unnecessary; it speaks for itself. In such characters as Jesse Rural, Geoffrey Dale, Sir Robert Bramble, and Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. Blake is perfectly at home, and perhaps without a rival. He is one of the most finished actors on the stage. It is not alone in his admirable personifications, but in the wonderful facility he possesses of transforming himself, as it were, into the character he impersonates, and becomes incorporated with the story and its incidents.

## MRS. WM. RUFUS BLAKE.

MADON NAME, Caroline Placide, and a sister to the celebrated Placide Brothers. Born in Charleston, S. C., in 1798, made her first appearance on any stage as a child, in Charleston. After the death of her father, in 1812, she married Leigh Waring, a light comedian from England, who died in Charleston, in 1817. In 1826 she married Mr. Blake, and on the 29th of November, 1840, made her first appearance in Philadelphia, as Lady Teale, at the Chestnut-street Theatre. She is an excellent representative of that line of characters known as old women, and is a great favorite wherever she appears. [Next week, Laura Keane, Jane Coombs, Anna Cruise Cowell, Alice Gray, and Rose Skerrett.]

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward paid at the prices named:—CURRIE'S CHESS PROVERBS, 18mo pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BEADIE'S DUMB CHAMBER, pp. 50, by the same, 10 cents. MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS, \$1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 ANN STREET, N. Y.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. C. BATAVIA, N. Y.—Thanks for your End-Game, which will probably appear, will examine. Our column is, as always, devoted to the interest of its own contributors. Book sent. You should send a few stamps for specimens of "Miron's Blank Diagrams"—then, if you like 'em, buy some.

N. C. RICH, M. D., PHILADELPHIA.—Don't own it? Well! Pray you don't; but it is just as we found it—bet a goose? "Spose you're right—always are. Will pop 'em with that 'pounder'—if we can make out the signs on 'em. It is a trifle, and warranted, eh? Doc.

CHAS. H. STANLEY, Manchester, England.—We have received the *Express* and *Chronicle* with almost perfect regularity since the first of the "ex," and have omitted sending the *CLIPPER* in return one week. We have written you two or three letters, meanwhile. Later we receive *Express* and *Review*; does that involve any change of address in *CLIPPER*? If so, please designate.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS pointedly commends "Beadie's Dumb Chess Instructor" to the attention of beginners in the game.

THE GREAT CHESS CONGRESS of 1862, in connection with the World's Fair, in London, is being rapidly and systematically prepared for. The programme is approaching completion, and the details are already in the hands of most zealous and most competent subscribers. All the chess luminaries of the world will receive, individually, invitations and inducements to attend, and the subscription lists will be opened forthwith. It will be by far the greatest and most interesting gathering of the devotees of Chess, ever recorded in her annals. Several points in the conduct of the previous "World's Congress" furnish guide boards to direct the way, lighten the labors and enhance the success of the forthcoming passage at arms.

## ENIGMA NO. 317.

From the Manchester (Eng.) Express.

BY J. H. BLACKBURN.

at Q4, K5, K8, KB5, Q6, KK13, QK14th.  
at his 8, QK14, KB3, KB6, KK15th.  
White to play and give mate in four moves.

## PROBLEM NO. 317.

BY EDWIN J. WELLES.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in six moves.

## GAME NO. 317.

Between our contributor E. W. Bryant and another habitué of the "Morpheus." It is prettily terminated.

ROY LUYCKE'S GAME.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
E. W. Bryant.	M. A. G. R.	E. W. Bryant.	M. A. G. R.
1. P to K4	P to K4	13. Q to K5	P to K3
2. K to B3	Q to B3	14. Q to B3	K to B
3. K to B3	P to B3	15. Q to K5	B to K3
4. K to B3	K to B3	16. K to B3	B to B3
5. P to B4	K to P	17. P to B4	B to B3
6. P to B4	K to K5	18. P to B4	Castles
7. Castles	K to B4	19. P to B4	P to B3
8. K to B4	Q to B4	20. K to B4	P to B3
9. K to B4	K to B3	21. K to B4	K to B2
10. K to B4	Q to B3	22. K to B4	R to K1
11. Q to K2	K to B4	23. K to B4	Q to K1
12. K to B3	Q to K2	24. K to B4	Q to K1

But the Defence, considering himself aggrieved by the above document, wanted to "try it over again," availing that he was perfectly satisfied with his game for the first seventeen moves—that he would then directly play B to K5, and "take off that confounded K1." To this the Attack consented, and the following "back game" resulted:

(Sixteen moves as above.)	(Sixteen moves as above.)		
17. P to K4	P to K3	23. R to B5	P to QK13
18. P to B4	Castles	24. R to B4	Q to K1
19. P to B4	Q to B3	25. K to B3	Q to K1
20. K to B3	P to B4	26. Q to K1	R to K1
21. R to B4	B to K5	27. R to K1	R to K1
22. R to R4	K to B2		

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the distinguished young problemist and rising young amateur of Manchester, Eng., recently essayed four games at once, and "blundered" at the Albion, winning all. No. 1. Mr. Stanley pronounced a "brilliant and sparkling specimen, even setting aside the peculiar circumstances under which it was played." We append it, he beautifully done.

BLACKBURN'S.  
1. P to K4  
2. P to B4  
3. K to B3  
4. K to B3  
5. P to B3  
6. P to B3  
7. Castles  
8. P to B3  
9. P to B3  
10. P to B3  
11. P to B3  
12. P to B3  
13. P to B3  
14. P to B3  
15. P to B3  
16. P to B3  
17. P to B3  
18. P to B3  
19. P to B3  
20. P to B3  
21. P to B3  
22. P to B3  
23. P to B3  
24. P to B3  
25. P to B3  
26. P to B3  
27. P to B3  
28. P to B3  
29. P to B3  
30. P to B3  
31. P to B3  
32. P to B3  
33. P to B3  
34. P to B3  
35. P to B3  
36. P to B3  
37. P to B3  
38. P to B3  
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90. P to B3  
91. P to B3  
92. P to B3  
93. P to B3  
94. P to B3  
95. P to B3  
96. P to B3  
97. P to B3  
98. P to B3  
99. P to B3  
100. P to B3

laying himself open to a dangerous attack on a very weak point. P takes QP, would have been a far better move.

(c) Well played, indeed! Should the Defence now, or subsequently, attempt to win this piece, we think his game must be lost; on the other hand, should he decline the capture, the Attack certainly remains with a good game.

(d) The mate is now forced in very short metre. Had he played B to K B4th, his game would have been still hopeless, e.g.:

13... Q to B4 16... Q to K K6 19... Q to K K6

14... K to B 17... K to P, and the Attack must win.

15... Q to K K6 18... K to R 3 (best)

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYERS.—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. 50 Cents. Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUESN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor), is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game in full; beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUESN, No. 29 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPATHE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Friend Spathe, call out the boys. Why not? Our own opinion is that the man swimming, can be nothing short of a "first-rater." Shall the "heralds sound the charge?"

WM. CLARK, ROST E. BROWN, and JOHN MCGREGOR.—A copy of the Elements has been forwarded to each of you.

J. H. BURNHAM, Lansingburg, N. Y.—Thanks. On file for examination. Glad to learn that you admire the game and position.

MANHATTAN Island, New York.—The Double Corner should be at the right of each player.

SPECTATOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—See card of Express, this week.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Card appears this week.

EXPRESS, New York.—Entered as you may perceive.

L. W. C.—On file for examination.

W. S. K., New York.—All right.

Who is CHAMPION?—New York, Feb. 18th, 1862.—Ed. CLIPPER.—

Dear Sir:—It seems that "Spathe" has the impudence to style Spathe the "yet unbeaten champion of America," right in the face of the proof given, that Drysdale, Mercer, Belshel, and Kanyon have beaten him. His only object is, to make us think that he (Spathe) is Champion, without playing for it, and if I would only admit it, I would be all O. K.; but I can't do it, until he has earned the title. I have not run down any one of our players, but I feel that of them all, but to Spathe, placed above them, and the "Champion" is more than I can swallow comfortably. I am always ready and willing to give three times three, for the Old Flag, and defend her to the last drop of blood; but Spathe can't be standard-bearer until he has done something deserving that honor. And now to cut this matter short, I will stake five dollars with "Spathe," to a chess game in your hands; that Spathe dare not issue a challenge and play a match of 30 to 50 games, for the Championship of America, and \$250 to \$500, a side, and the match to be played within six months after the date of the challenge.

Yours truly,

Ed. D. D.

A CARD.—Pittsburgh, Feb. 3, 1862.—Ed. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: Below you will find a Game from the "American Draught Player." Irregular Opening, it being the same as Game No. 11, Vol. IX, in the *CLIPPER*, where quite a number of variations are given. The correction commences at Black's 11th move, variation 27, in the A. D. P., being the same as the 17th move, variation 2d, in the *CLIPPER*.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 15	22 17	11. 9 14	18 9
2. 8 11	25 22	12. 5 14	31 27
3. 9 13	28 18	13. 4 8	27 23
4. 12 16	17 14	14. 15 18	29 25
5. 20 17	21 14	15. 11 17	32 28
6. 16 19	24 20	16. 8 11	33 19
7. 6 9	27 23	17. 7 10(A)	16 17
8. 3 6	30 26	18. 2 11	39 26
9. 6 9	29 25	19. 8 8	36 23
10. 10 17	26 21		

White wins.

## CORRECTION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
17. 11 15	19 16	22. 25 30	26 23
18. 17 22	26 13	23. 20 26	32 27
19. 13 22	16 11	24. 26 22	17 12
20. 7 16	20 11	25. 22 18	
21. 22 26	30 26(B)		

and draws.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
21. 11 15	26 24	25. 30 26	22 17
22. 25 29	24 19	26. 3 7	16 3
23. 20 26	30 26	27. 19 19	17 10
24. 26 30	26 22	28. 23 14	and draws.

P. S. I do not send this game in order to detract anything from the merits of Mr. Spathe as a draught player, or to lessen the value of his book.

ANOTHER CORRECTION.—New York, Jan. 17, 1862.—EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir:—This game is a correction of the Am. Draught Player, compiled by H. Spathe. Correction by A. H. Mercer.

Yours truly,

EXPRESS.

## GAME NO. 40.—VOL. IX.

MAID OF THE MILL.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 15	22 17	12. 7 11	26 10
2. 8 11	17 14	13. 11 17	31 28
3. 15 18	23 14	14. 8 11	33 29
4. 9 18	26 23	15. 11 16	20 16
5. 16 14	24 20	16. 18 22	26 17
6. 6 10	30 26	17. 3 7	23 18
7. 1 6	28 24	18. 15 22	19 15
8. 11 16	25 22	19. 19 19	(a) 13 9
9. 6 10	26 22	20. 6 13	15 10
10. 18 26	29 25	21. 2 9	17 3
11. 15 18	22 15		

White wins.

(a) Mr. S., the "author" plays in this style.—19. 15 to 11 7 to 16.







Royal Lyceum, Toronto, has had various fortunes lately, and its expedients have been resorted to keep the place from getting too blue. On the 7th Feb., the house was occupied with an admirable performance by the officers of the 20th Regt. They were warmly welcomed by the dramatic company, and the affair is said to have been a success. On the 10th, Wood's (Sylvester Blesker's) natrelle came for a week. They had Billy Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Davis, Mr. Herman, J. H. Carlton, Lou Myers, etc.; but the loss of Lee Reed and Frank Wyant was quite apparent. "The Octoroon" was the latest shibboleth of the blues.

Madame Ada Bump gave a concert at Canandaigua, N. Y., on the 5th. Country folks don't like the idea of paying fifty cents for a ticket.

By the last steamer from San Francisco, we have received two letters from Sherry Corby, giving a summary of theatrical and show news in the Golden State. As both letters contain matters of interest to the profession, we give them almost entire.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14, 1862.

**FRIEND FRANK**—As I predicted in my last, the beautiful and spacious Metropolitan Theatre has changed hands again, and has now become a permanent institution, under the management of W. Leighton & Co. They commenced their season last night with Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," with the following cast:—Excellent cast: Peter, by D. C. Alderson; Sir Oliver, Mr. Locke; Charles Surface, Charles Pope; Joseph Surface, Frank Maye; Sir Benjamin, A. R. Phelps; Crabtree, E. Thayer; Moses, John Wood; Lady Teazle, Mrs. Charles Pope; Maria, Miss Mowbray; Lady Suerwell, Mrs. Jada; Mrs. Candor, Mrs. Burrill. The performance concluded with "The Clockmaker's Hat," the popular and talented Mrs. Saunders assumed the part of Sally Smart. The new managers appear to have started with a determination to please the public, and if they only persevere, they have an independence before them; for it is in not the finest dramatic temple on the Pacific coast.

**Maguire's Opera House**—Owing to the severe storm that has been raging here since Christmas, this house has been doing a moderate business. Mrs. Leighton and Chas. Wheatleigh are the shining gists of this place.

**The Martinelli Troupe** closed a very profitable engagement of three weeks at the Metropolitan, on the 12th. They intend visiting South America and Mexico, and will take their departure by the steamer of the 21st.

**Mr. Charles Dillan**—This talented actor and refined gentleman has, since his arrival in this country, been most unfortunate, having suffered by illness, bad management, and the elements. After playing an engagement in this city, he visited Sacramento, where he opened on the 7th of December to a fair house, notwithstanding one of the most severe rain storms ever experienced in this country, which resulted in the entire inundation of that city, the water being four feet up in the highest part of the city. He then returned to this city, and opened at that unfortunate house, the American, where he failed to draw even at reduced prices; he next proceeded to Stockton, under the management of your correspondent, but it appeared as though ill luck would follow him, and on the second day after opening, this town was also submerged. He is now in this city, and probably play his farewell engagement, and depart for Australia in a few weeks.

**Miss Jay Gump** has lately played an engagement at the Theatre San Jose, under the management of R. A. Eddy. It would have proved very successful if the weather had been fair; as it was, it proved very unfortunate for the company, as Mr. Eddy refused to play earlier than 9 o'clock, and he, being a native of Australia, and **McKean Buchanan and Daughter** are in the Southern States, giving their dramatic readings with only moderate success.

**Tankes Locks and Wife**, with a small company, started for the Mountains a few days since, but were driven back by the severe storm. They have been engaged in the stock at the Metropolitan.

**John Wilson**, of circuit renown, has returned, and with him we have the **Gen. Forsyth**, Sebastian the rider, the **Bearded Lady** and **Child**, the **Swiss Warbler**, and a trained lion. Wilson says that he has some excellent performers engaged, who will arrive here early in the spring. In the meantime he is exhibiting the **Bearded Lady** to an immense number of visitors, at fifty cents each. The **Orrin Family** and **Sebastian** remain idle for the present. Wilson has secured the services of W. Pridham as advance and business agent; and this is a wise selection, as Billy is the most popular showman this side of the Rocky Mountains.

**Jas. Stark and Company** are still in Nevada Territory, not being able to return on account of the severe storm that has been raging there for the past six weeks.

**Eliza Biscaccianti**, Sam Wells, Walter Bray, and a party of minstrelers, are in the Sandwich Islands, unable to return for want of means.

On Sunday Evening, Jan. 12 a collection was taken at each of our city theatres to relieve the wants of the sufferers by flood in Sacramento. About one thousand dollars was realized.

**The Bika Union and Gilbert's Madonn** continue to attract crowds nightly.

**The American Theatre** continues closed, with the exception of Sunday evenings, when the German Dramatic Company occupy it, and are very liberally patronized.

**Tucker's Academy of Music** has been converted into a hall.

"Of course, sir."

"On squaring up, you found that you had some thirty odd thousands remaining?"

"Very true, sir."

"With this money, you bought this house, ready furnished. You got it at a bargain, Mr. Hudson."

"You are perfectly correct, Mr. Grim."

"You still had fifteen thousand dollars. Not being used to work, you and your wife are content to live on the income of this. At 7 per cent, the interest would be a trifle over one thousand a year."

"You have a perfect knowledge of my affairs, Mr. Grim," said Hudson.

"I have studied them, sir," was the cool reply. "It is beyond a doubt, Mr. Hudson, that you are felicitating yourself on being a happy man."

"I am," answered Hudson.

"And I have no doubt that you would be much surprised if I were to tell you that there is a man who, by a word, can dash the cup of happiness from your lips, and change the draught to one of disappointment."

"What mean you, sir?" cried Hudson, springing to his feet.

"I mean that there is a man who, by a breath, can blow your happiness to the winds, turn you from this house, and all its brilliant attributes and surroundings, and turn you and your wife into the street, homeless wanderers," said Mr. Grim, with energy.

"Are you mad?" cried Hudson.

"No, I am sane. What I have said is true," answered Grim.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Richard, "an excellent joke, Grim, excellent; but it won't do."

"This no joke, sir, the man lives."

"Who, sir, is the man?"

"I am."

"You?" cried Hudson.

"Yes, I," answered the subtle lawyer.

"Explain."

"Be seated, I pray you." The window curtains moved a little.

"Now, Mr. Hudson, I will explain. There were two wills."

"Two wills?" Again the curtains moved.

"Ay, sir;" and Grim went on to detail to Hudson the whole of the particulars regarding the two wills of George Lorrimer, that we have recorded in chapter second of this history.

For a few moments Hudson sat as if petrified; then he eagerly grasped the lawyer's hand and cried—

"Is this tale you have told me a true one?"

"As I am a living man, it is."

"But you—you will not betray me, Grim?"

"Not! That is, for a proper consideration."

"Consideration? Your terms, what are they?"

"I am very easy."

"Your terms."

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thou—'twould take two thirds of my money."

"Ten thousand, and the introduction of my daughter Mary into the circle in which you move."

"The last with pleasure, joy; but ten—"

"You can easily spare it."

"I cannot, Grim."

"You have never received the whole of your fortune yet."

"Never received—you are jesting?"

"No—I have kept back the title deeds of lands in the Western States, valued at ten thousand dollars."

"You have, Grim? Then keep them; they are yours."

"Acting on this idea, I brought a warrantee deed along. Have you witnesses here?"

"Yes—there are two servants in the house."

"Your wife will be necessary, also."

"I will ring," and Hudson pulled a bell-cord. "Ah," he added, "I forgot, the door is locked," and he hastened to open it.

"Fortunately, I am a commissioner," said Grim, "and the deed is made out to my wife."

But few moments elapsed ere, according to Hudson's directions, his wife and two of his servants were gathered into the room. Richard explained to Louise that it was some trifling ceremony, in connection with the will; and she, with woman's proverbial indifference to law busi-



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Tableaux, founded on Historical Facts, entitled

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Duchess COLLEEN BAWN.

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Danny Mann.....Mr. W. Scallan  
Hardens O'Connell.....Mr. J. H. Martin  
Kylie Daly.....Mr. L. B. Shewell  
Father Tom.....Mr. Wall  
Barty O'More.....Mr. Francis  
Kylie O'Connell, the Colleen Bawn.....Mrs. JOHN WOOD

Annie Chute, the Colleen Bawn.....Miss Emma Taylor  
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THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME," "CRUIKKEEN LAWN," and "THE  
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SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.  
ACT I.—Scene 1.—The Lake of Killarney by Moonlight.—The Irish  
Leader: the Proposal; the Light on Muskross Head; thence it  
goes in, and thence it goes out; the Signal; the Assignment with  
the Colleen Bawn.

Scene 2.—THE GAP OF DONOOR. Myles of the Ponies; the Bride;  
Myles engaged as a Spy.

Scene 3.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Jug of  
Punch; the Irish Cottage; Fire-side; the Cruikkeen Lawn; the  
Marriage Lines; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

ACT II.—THE GAP. The Proposal of Danny Mann; Give me your  
glove and I'll clear the Colleen from your path; the Oathes.  
Scene 2.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 3.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 4.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 5.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 6.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 7.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 8.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 9.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 10.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 11.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 12.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 13.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 14.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 15.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 16.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 17.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 18.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 19.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 20.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 21.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 22.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 23.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 24.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 25.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 26.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 27.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 28.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 29.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 30.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 31.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

Scene 32.—THE COTTAGE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. The Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes; the Oathes.

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J. Vincent, Matilda Horan, as Camille, John Collins, Mrs. John  
Wood, Mrs. Vining, Mrs. Richings, Susan Davis, Laura Keane, J. J.  
Raymond, Mrs. Chaffran, Lolly Hough, Rosa Wood, Mark Smith,  
W. Wheatley, C. Walcott, Jr., Mad. D. Agui, Sautal, Hisclopy, Mrs. A.  
Allen, Charlotte, Cushman, Commodore Nait, George Hallam,  
Barton Hall, J. W. Walcott, J. B. Bonnet, George, Fanny Brown, A.  
Mary Shaw, Sara Stevens, John Bonnet, George, Fanny Brown, A.  
H. Davenport, Arignol, Sallie Bishop, Edwin  
Booth, F. S. Chaffran, George Christy, Ada Clifton, Mrs. Wm. Williams,  
Gauguin Sisters, Mille Galletti, Mille Marietta, M



Butler whether it ever occurred or not. The "special report" he contrives to get "intensely disgusted," but he makes one column with wonderful ease and self-complacency. Thus it may be said that he has been "contaminated" by the diabolical agents and other fallacious arguments around those "pandemoniums," is duly received and recanted in "the advertising department," but "Mr. Editor" has word to say about those institutions in his department. So does and Gregarious are the outliers against the music halls, and they say—nothing. There is, however, a great principle of political rights involved with all this upheaval of the subject of music.—the right of the people to choose their own amusements.

Another job for the lawyers is likely to come out of the case made to Falconer's "Machinery, or Peep o' Day." One system is two shells.

tion. Her style is dashing, and apt to take with our young bloods but she dances, if we may so call it, as much with her head as with her feet. She is very flexible, and twists and squirms with a much ease as if she were made up of flesh and gristle, and has not a bone in her body. These little "side issues" help to carry her through, and assist in giving her dancing a character that she could not otherwise obtain. In conjunction with John S. Carter the comedian, she has drawn fair houses during the week, where the weather would admit of any kind of a turn-out. On the 3d of March, Coburn opens in Washington, where she created quite a *furore* a few years since.

The old Bowers still retains the Sticky National Circus. On the abdication of Dan Ree, Sam Lathrop put in an appearance, and as he is an old favorite here, he was well received. Kate Stone, the great bare back rider, continues his performance. The attendance is middling.

Laura Keane's version of "The Seven Sisters" is to be produced at the Howard, Boston, on the 31 March, with the original scenic and mechanical effects, as per arrangement with Mr. Randall, the London artist.

James B. netts, the well known actor, who was formerly in this country, is playing in Birmingham, Eng. but talks of having another trip out here. "Never fash, James, never fash."

"The White Terror" is the attraction at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week.

The West is safe. The Flatie Valley Theatre, Denver City, Colorado Territory, is doing a good and rising business. After a temporary recess, the house was opened on the 8th Feb. with 18 stars George Peckay, Harry Collins, J. H. Jack, Maartbur, E. B. Collins, Alexander, C. Oak, Andrews, etc. with Madamess Helen, Mrs. H. Murphy, Anna White, etc. Denver also has "A young lady at this city." All good signs.



## THEM SPOONS.

Some years ago, before railroads were invented, a cute Massachusetts Yankee was one day travelling in a stage in the State of Connecticut. The passengers stopped for breakfast at a place where the landlord was noted for his parsimony; and it was strongly suspected that he paid the driver to hurry off the stage before the passengers could eat half a meal, in order to save his victuals. The Yankee heard this talk, and he sat down to breakfast with the determination to eat his money's worth, whether the stage left him or not. While, therefore, the rest of the passengers were bolting their victuals at the greatest possible haste, the Massachusetts man took his time. The passengers had scarcely finished a cup of coffee and ate a few mouthfuls, when they heard the sound of the horn, and the driver exclaimed, "Stage ready!" Up rise the grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host.  
"One missing," say they.  
Proceeding to the dining room, the host finds our Yankee friend very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's lip.  
"You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start!"  
"Wall, I hain't got nothin' to say agin it."  
"Can't wait, sir; better take your seat."  
"I'll be gaul darned if I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfast! I've got tew pay half a dollar, and I'm going to get the vallee on't! and ef yew calklate I ain't, yew are mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left the hungry New Englander, who continued his attack on the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, etc., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout east,' fetch us another grist on 'em. Yew (to the waiter), 'nuther cup of that air coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yewre own pork, squire!—this is amazin' nice ham. Land 'bout beare tolerable cheap, squire, I callate? Don't lay yewre own eggs, dew ye?" and thus the Yankee kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude payin' my dewouts to this ere table, but if yew'd jist give us a bowl of bread and milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be much obliged tew ye."

So out goes the landlord and waiter for the bowl of milk and bread, and set them before the Yankee.

"Spoon, tew, if ye please!"  
But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say! dew yew think them passengers is goin' to yew for a breakfast and git no compensation?"  
"Ah! what! do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. If they air all as green as you, about here, I'm goin' to locate immediately and tew wonst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, our Yankee comes out to take his seat, and says:

"Heow air yew, gents? I'm glad tew see yew back."  
"Can yow point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out? Sartinly I ken. Say, squire! I paid you four ninences for a breakfast, and I callate I got the vallee on't. Yew'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot!" Which was found to be the case.

**THE SOLDIER AND THE TEAMSTER.**—The soldiers in Kentucky are famous for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a teamster, who had charge of six shabby mules. Jehu was also the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which a wag discovered and resolved to possess. Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him:

Approaching the driver, who was busily engaged in currying his mules, he accosted him with, "I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.  
"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired by the General, who carries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

"The mule driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the 'hair dresser' kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to General Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow 'hung out.'"

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs, for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil, but don't mind that; he has been drinking to-day. Make him come out, sure."

Jehu posted off, and entering the tent where Gen. Nelson, of the 4th Division, sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapped him on the back with sufficient force to annihilate a man of ordinary size.

Springing to his feet, the General accosted his unwelcome guest with:

"Well, sir, who are you, and what the devil do you want?"

"Old hoss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the General.

"Do you know who you are addressing, sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said Jehu, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of bushhead."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious. "I am General Nelson, commander of this Division."

Jehu placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and, extending his fingers, waved them in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom. The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jehu rushed from the tent just in time to save his head.

The boys drank the "big mule-driver's" health in Bourbon.

The story soon got out, and is now the joke of the season.

**A TENDER EPISTLE.**—Love is no dream, as the following *bullet d'ou*, picked up in front of a Post Office, will show:

MY DEAR SWEETEST DUCKY—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me such great pleasure. You always was so dear to me I hope you will soon be dearer.

You know I never hinted nothing about marriage and I never mean to—take your own time for that. I shall always remember the old saying procrastination is the thief of time, but mother says nothing should be done in a hurry but ketchin' fleas.

The fondest wish of my heart is that we may soon become one. Do you ever read Franklin's extracts—his remarks concerning marriage is delightful. Our hearts, he sez, ought to assemble one another in every except; they ought to be heterogeneous so that our union may be mixed as well as uniting—not like oil and water but like tee and shugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Watts when he sez—

"The rows is red the vellew blew  
Singers sweet and so are you"

Nother sez matrimony is better to think on than the reality.

"I remane till death or marriage, your own sweet candy."

MARY ANN.

"N.B.—I had a kusein married last month, who sez there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state."

"Your sweetest dove"

MARY ANN.

"P.S.—I hope you will let me know what you mean to do as there is four or five other fellers after me hot foot, and I shall be quite oneasy till I here."

"Your loving swete,"

MARY ANN.

**A FEARFUL CONTEST.—SPUNKY RAT.**—Some two weeks since, a sergeant in the Halsted Cavalry, one of the recruiting officers now in Newton, New Jersey, brought with him from New York—whither he had gone on business of a highly interesting and affectionate nature—besides a certificate of a certain kind—a young Brazilian tiger cub only forty days old, and about the size of a three-fourths grown kitten. This adolescent tiger develops the ferocity of his species by his fondness for eating meat, &c., and growling, and clutching his food with perfect desperation when he can get it. On Friday last, a young live rabbit was brought in the room for his comfortable killing; the tiger was turned out, and showed some fight, but it was not until the rabbit had smashed in his nose that he ventured to pounce on him, when he finished him instantly. The next day, a full grown rat was brought into the room, and the tiger turned out. The rat was game in more ways than one, and "bucked at the tiger" pretty considerably, and would have conquered him, too, if let alone; but it took all the energy of a captain of the Halsted Cavalry, backed up by his sergeant, and a colonel in the Sussex Brigade, as well as two civilians, armed with sabres, revolvers, saddles, broomsticks, inkstands, chairs, and other warlike weapons, to maul the rat into a condition sufficiently harmless for the tiger to make war with him in true Brazilian style. A Sussex rat is a pretty hard thing to beat.

**NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING.**—We heard, a night or two since, a tolerably good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during a late big blow on the Mississippi. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin when the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing, while the waves broke over it with tremendous uproar; and expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a will equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing his pole into the water at the side of the raft. "What's that yer doin, Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minit between us and purgatory." "Be aisy, Pat," said the other as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole, "be aisy, now! what's the use of prayin' when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?" Mike is a pretty fine specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "tech bottom."

**ALL SORTS OF DRAUGHTS.**—"There are a great many draughts in this room," said Pepper. "For what amount?" asked Smith. "I'll play you a game," said Jones. "Of tea or coffee," enquired Robinson. Pepper, quoting from Dr. Johnson, moodily observed that "A man who would make a pun would pick a pocket."

**PAT EXPLAINS A DIFFICULT QUESTION.**—"But if I place my money in the savings bank," enquired one of the newly arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," responded his Hibernian friend, "sure, and if you put in to-day, you can get it out again to-morrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

**EXECUTION OF EARL FERNERS, FOR MURDER.**—This mad peer, who killed his steward, exactly a hundred years ago, having been tried and convicted by the House of Lords, was brought out from the Tower of London, and taken, for execution, to Tyburn. He was dressed in his wedding clothes, which were of light color and embroidered with silver. A crowd of spectators witnessed his departure. First, went a large body of constables, preceded by one of the high constables; next came a party of grenadiers and a party of foot; then, the sheriff, in a chariot and six, the horses dressed in ribbons; and next, Lord Ferners, in a landau and six, escorted by parties of horse and foot. The other sheriff's carriage followed, succeeded by a mourning coach and six, conveying some of the malefactor's friends; and lastly, a hearse and six, provided for the purpose of taking the corpse from the place of execution to Surgeon's Hall. The procession was two hours and three quarters on its way; and Lord Ferners conversed very freely during the passage. He said, "The apparatus of death, and the passing through such crowds of people, are ten times worse than death itself; but I suppose they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps they never will another." He said to the sheriff, "I have written to the King, that I may suffer where my ancestor, the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, suffered, and was in hope of obtaining that favor, as I have the honor of being allied to his majesty, and of quartering the royal arms. I think it hard that I must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons." The scaffold was hung with black by the undertaker, at the expense of Lord Ferners' family. His lordship was pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. On the silken rope being put around his neck, he turned pale, but recovered instantly. Within seven minutes after leaving the landau, the signal was given for striking the stage, and in four minutes he was quite dead. The corpse was subjected to dissection.

**GOVERNMENTS IN FRANCE FOR THE LAST SEVENTY YEARS.**

The following extract from the *Gazette de France*, presents in a succinct form, some very curious information:

"In a period of seventy years, France has seen thirteen Governments, each differing from the other in origin and aim:—Louis XVI and the Assemblies, May 5, 1789, to August 10, 1792; the convention, with its revolutions and incessant changes, Sept. 24, 1792, to Oct. 5, 1795; the Directory, Oct. 5, 1795, to Nov. 7, 1799; the Consulate, for a limited period, Dec. 24, 1799, to August 2, 1802; the Consulate for life, August 2, 1802, to May 18, 1804; the Empire, May 18, 1804, to April 2, 1814; the Restoration, April 24, 1814, to March 20, 1815; the Empire, March 27, to June 22, 1815; the Restoration, July 8, 1815, to Aug. 1830; the Government of July, August 9, 1830, to Feb. 24, 1848; the Republic, Feb. 26, 1848, to December 2, 1851; the Presidency for ten years, Dec. 21, 1851, to Dec. 9, 1852; the Empire, Dec. 9, 1852. During the same period of seventy years there has been promulgated twelve Constitutions, which have had in France the force of fundamental law:—The Constitution of June 24, 1793; the Constitution of the 5th Fructidor, year III; the Constitution of the 22d Frimaire, year VII; the senatus consultum of the 15th Thermidor, year X; the decree of the senate of the 28th Floreal, year XII; the Charter of 1814; the additional act of 1815; the Republican constitution of 1848; the Constitution put forth by the President, of the 14th-22d January, 1852; the same constitution modified by the senatus consulta of Nov. 7th, 1852, and the plebiscitum of Jan. 21-22, 1852. We have omitted all that was simply ephemeral; and moreover, the suspension by the revolutionary government of the Constitution of 1793.

**RAT CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.**—A party of farmers, for the purpose of ridding their premises of the rats that destroyed their grain, recently formed themselves into a Rat Catching Association, at Pickaway county, Ohio. Dividing their numbers into sides, twenty on each side, they commenced hunting for the contrabands, on the following conditions:

"The party or side that produced the least count of rat-tails on the day appointed for settlement, were to pay Abram Dennis, landlord, \$2 each for supper for self and partner, the privilege of the ball-room and enjoying a social dance, and the winning party to go in free of charge. On the appointed evening the rat-tails began to pour in by hundreds and thousands. A committee was appointed to make the count, and the following was the result:—Whole number produced was 17,370, making an average of 413 to each man in the hunt. One side beat the other by 2,476. The contest being over, the supper was served, of which 175 persons partook. After supper the party proceeded to the ball-room, danced all night and went home with the girls in the morning, satisfied that the whole thing was a rat-tling affair."

**HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.**—On the dollars, stivers, etc., coined at the town of Dordrecht, in Holland, is the figure of a milk-maid sitting under her cow, which figure is also exhibited in relief on the water gate of the place. The occasion was as follows:—In the noble struggle of the United Provinces for their liberties, the Spaniards detached a body of forces from the main army, with the view of surprising Dordrecht. Certain milk-maids, belonging to a rich farmer in the vicinity, perceived as they were going to milk, some soldiers concealed under the hedges. They had the presence of mind to pursue their occupation without any symptoms of alarm. On their return home, they informed their master of what they had seen, who gave information to the burgomaster, the sluices were then let loose, through which great numbers of the Spaniards were drowned, and the expedition was defeated. The States ordered the farmer a handsome revenue for the loss he sustained by the overflowing of his lands, rewarded the women, and perpetuated the event in the manner described.

**ABRAHAM AND SARAH.**—The Talmudists relate that Abraham, on travelling into Egypt, brought with him a chest. At the Custom House, the officers exacted the dues. Abraham would readily have paid them, but desired that the box might not be opened. The officers then insisted on the dues for cloths, which Abraham consented to pay; but they thought, by his ready acquiescence, that it might be gold. Abraham assented to pay for the gold. They then suspected that it might be silk. Abraham was also prepared to pay for that, or more costly pearls; in short, he consented to pay as if his chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then the officers resolved to open and examine the chest; and behold! as soon as it was opened, so great a lustre of human beauty broke out, as to cause an excitement throughout the entire land of Egypt. It was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her loveliness, had locked her up in the chest.

**THE LATEST DOG STORY.**—The following yarn from the *Cleveland Herald*, is rather tough and slippery:—"One day recently, several persons crossing the Park near the Monument, in Cleveland, were amused by the movements of a large Newfoundland dog. The animal stood for some time watching with apparently great interest, the boys sliding along the slippery sidewalk, and at length seemed to 'get the hang' of the matter. As soon as the 'slide' was clear, he gravely trotted off to one end, ran on the ice, and then straightened out his legs in approved 'sliding' style, but as canine feet are not well arranged for either skating or sliding, the attempt was a failure. The dog was determined not to 'give it up so,' and went back to watch again. After a while he made another attempt, failed, and then, seeming to abandon the case as hopeless, trotted off in disgust."

**SOME WEATHER.**—A late traveller says it is so cold in the northern part of Greenland that it freezes the fire out.

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